

Complete Stories

Oscar Wilde



Oscar Wilde
Including "The Picture of Dorian Gray"

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CONTENTS

<i>The Picture of Dorian Gray</i>	7
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LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME AND OTHER STORIES

<i>Lord Arthur Savile's Crime</i>	195
<i>The Sphinx Without a Secret</i>	226
<i>The Canterville Ghost</i>	232
<i>The Model Millionaire</i>	258
<i>The Portrait of Mr W.H.</i>	264

A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES

This volume dedicated of Constance Mary Wilde

<i>The Young King</i>	293
<i>The Birthday of the Infanta</i>	307
<i>The Fisherman and his Soul</i>	325
<i>The Star-Child</i>	357

THE HAPPY PRINCE AND OTHER TALES

This volume dedicated to Carlos Blacker

<i>The Happy Prince</i>	374
<i>The Nightingale and the Rose</i>	383
<i>The Selfish Giant</i>	390
<i>The Devoted Friend</i>	395
<i>The Remarkable Rocket</i>	406

king, who is apparelled like a beggar - this boy who brings shame upon our state? surely we will slay him, for he is unworthy to rule over us."

And the young king bowed his head again, and prayed, and when he had finished his prayer he rose up and turning round he looked at them sadly.

And lo! through the painted windows came the sunlight streaming upon him, and the sun
To Mrs William H. Grenfell
of Taplow Court
[Lady Desborough]
 his pleasure. The dead staff blossomed, and bore roses that were redder than rubies. The dry floors blossomed, and bore roses that were redder than rubies. Whiter than fair pearls were the lilies, and their stems were of bright silver. Redder than male rubies were the roses, and their leaves were of bright silver.

He stood there in the raiment of a king, and the gates of the jewelled heaven were open and from the crystal of the many-rayed monstrance shone marvellous and mystical light. He stood there in a king's raiment, and the Glory of God filled the place, and the saints in their carved niches seemed to move. In the fair raiment of a king he stood before them, and the organ pealed out its music, and the trumpeters blew upon their trumpets, and the singing boys sang.

And the people fell upon their knees in awe, and the nobles sheathed their swords and did homage, and the bishop's face drew pale, and his hands trembled. "A greater than I hath crowned thee," he cried, and he knelt before him.

And the young king came down from the high altar, and passed through the midst of the people. But no man dared look upon his face, for it was like the face of an angel.

It was the birthday of the infanta. She was just twelve years of age, and the sun was shining brightly in the gardens of the palace.

Although she was a real princess and the Infanta of Spain, she had only one birthday every year, just like the children of quite poor people, so it was naturally a matter of great importance to the whole country that she should have really fine day for the occasion. And a really fine day it certainly was. The tall striped tulips stood straight up upon the stalks, like long rows of soldiers, and looked defiantly across the grass at the roses, and said: 'We are quite as splendid as you are now.' The purple butterflies fluttered about with gold dust on their wings, visiting each flower in turn; the little lizards crept out of the crevices of the wall, and lay basking in the white glare, and the pomegranates split and cracked with the heat, and showed their bleeding red hearts. Even the pale yellow lemons, that hung in such profusion from the mouldering trellis and along the dim arcades, seemed to have caught a richer colour from the wonderful sunlight, and the magnolia trees opened their great globe-like blossoms of folded ivory, and filled the air with a sweet heavy perfume.

The little princess herself walked up and down the terrace with her companions, and played at hide and seek round the stone vases and the old moss-grown statues. On ordinary days she was only allowed to play with children of her own rank, so she had always to play alone, but her birthday was an exception, and the king had given orders that she was to invite any of her young friends whom she liked to come and amuse themselves with her. There was a stately grace about these slim Spanish children as they glided about, the boys with their large-plumed hats and short fluttering cloaks, the girls holding up the trains of their long brocade gowns, and shielding the sun from their eyes with huge fans of black and silver. But the infanta was the most graceful of all, and the most tastefully attired, after the some what cumbrous fashion of the day. Her robe was of grey satin, the skirt and the wide puffed sleeves heavily embroidered with silver and the stiff corset studded with rows of fine pearls. Two tiny slippers with big pink rosettes peeped out beneath her dress as she walked. Pink and pearl was her great gauze fan, and in her hair, which like an aureole of faded gold stood out stiffly round her pale little face, she had a beautiful white rose.

From a window in the palace the sad melancholy king watched them. Behind him stood his brother Don Pedro of Aragon, whom he hated, and



The full name- Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde - was born in Dublin in the year 1854. The famous Irish ear surgeon, Sir William Wilde was his father and his mother was the poetess, Jane Francisca Speranza Elgee. He was the second child of his parents. His schooling was from Potara Royal School in Enniskillen and later at Trinity Collage, Dublin and Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1884, he married to Constance Lloyd, The daughter of an Irish barrister. All his major works appeared during the next ten years. Oscar Wild died in 1900.

Oscar Wilde's works are suffused with his aestheticism, brilliant craftsmanship, legendary wit and, ultimately, his tragic muse. He wrote tender fairy stories for children employing all his grace, artistry and wit, of which the best - known is The Happy Prince. Counterpoints to this were his novel The Picture of Dorian Gray, which shocked and outraged many readers of his day, and his stories for adults which exhibited his fascination with the relations between serene art and decadent life.

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